



## Justin Harris

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I fight for my son. He's 9, and innocent, and doesn't have an aggressive bone in his body. I fight for him because he won't be able to grow up in the carefree, non-violent world that I did. He sees the good in everyone, sometimes even when they haven't shown him any. Raising a black man is so scary for me; I'm reminded every time I watch the news that I have to not only fight to keep him safe, but fight to keep him informed when there's so much noise around him. I fight to maintain his innocence by keeping as much of that hate and chaos away from him until he's able to understand and process it for himself — without him losing faith in people and without him losing trust and belief that people can be good — while not being naïve to the fact that in the real world, everyone is not looking out for his good and interests.